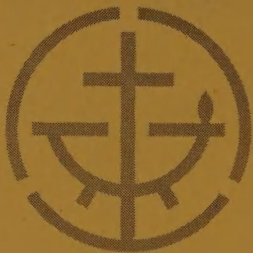


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THE

FAITHFUL PROMISER.

MacDuff, John Ross

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THE

FAITHFUL PROMISER,

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AND

ALTAR STONES.

BY THE AUTHOR OF

"MORNING AND NIGHT WATCHES," "WORDS AND MIND
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1859.

It has often been felt a delightful exercise by the child of God, to take, night by night, an individual promise, and plead it at the mercy-seat. Often are our prayers *pointless*, from not following in this respect the example of the sweet psalmist of Israel, the royal promise-pleader, who delighted to direct his finger to some particular "word" of the faithful Promise, saying, "Remember thy word unto thy servant, on which thou hast caused me to hope."

The following are a few gleanings from the promise-treasury, a few crumbs from the Master's table, which may serve to help the thoughts in the hour of closet meditation or the season of sorrow.

St. M——, December, 1849.

“He is Faithful that Promised.”

FIRST DAY.

Pardoning Grace.

“Come now, and let us reason together, saith the Lord: Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow, though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool.”—ISAIAH, i. 18.

MY SOUL, thy God summons thee to his audience-chamber. Infinite purity seeks to reason with infinite vileness. Deity stoops to speak to dust. Dread not the meeting. It is the most gracious, as well as wondrous of all conferences. Jehovah himself breaks silence. He utters the best tidings a lost soul or a lost world can hear: “God is in Christ reconciling the world unto himself, not imputing unto men their trespasses.” What! *scarlet* sins and *crimson* sins; and these all to be forgiven and forgotten? The just God “justifying” the unjust—the mightiest of all beings the

kindest of all. O, what is there in thee to merit such love as this? Thou mightest have known thy God only as the "consuming fire," and had nothing before thee, save "a fearful looking for of vengeance." This gracious conference bids thee dispel thy fears. It tells thee, it is no longer a "fearful," but a *blessed* thing to be in His hands. Hast thou closed with these his overtures? Until thou art at peace with Him, happiness must be a stranger to thy bosom. Though thou hast all else besides, bereft of God thou must be "bereft indeed."

Lord, I come. As thy pardoning grace is freely tendered, so shall I freely accept it. May it be mine, even now, to listen to the gladdening accents, Son, Daughter, be of good cheer; thy sins which are many, are all forgiven thee!

'Remember THIS word unto thy servant, upon which thou hast caused me to hope.'

SECOND DAY.

Needful Grace.

"As thy days, so shall thy strength be."—DEUT. xxxii 25.

GOD does not give grace till the hour of trial comes. But when it *does* come, the amount of grace and the special grace required is vouchsafed. My soul, do not dwell with painful apprehension on the future. Do not anticipate coming sorrows; perplexing thyself about the grace needed for future emergencies: to-morrow will bring its promised grace along with to-morrow's trials, God, wishing to keep his people humble and dependent on himself, gives not a stock of grace; He metes it out for every day's exigencies, that they may be constantly travelling between their own emptiness and Christ's fulness—their own weakness and Christ's strength. But

when the exigency comes, thou mayest safely trust an almighty arm to bear thee through.

Is there now some "thorn in the flesh" sent to lacerate thee? Thou mayest have been entreating the Lord for its removal. Thy prayer has doubtless been heard and answered; but not in the way perhaps expected or desired by thee. The "thorn" may still be left to goad, the trial may still be left to buffet, but "more grace" has been given to endure them. O, how often have his people thus been led to glory in their infirmities and triumph in their afflictions, seeing the power of Christ rests more abundantly upon them. The strength which the hour of trial brings, often makes the Christian a wonder to himself.

"Remember THIS word unto thy servant, upon which thou hast caused me to hope."

THIRD DAY.

All-sufficient Grace.

"God is able to make all grace abound toward you; that ye always having all-sufficiency in all things, may abound to every good work."—2 Cor. ix. 8.

"ALL-SUFFICIENCY in all things!" Believer, surely thou art "thoroughly furnished." Grace is no scanty thing, doled out in pittances. It is a glorious treasury, which the key of prayer can always unlock, but never empty. A fountain, "full flowing, *ever* flowing, *overflowing*." Mark these three ALLS in this precious promise. It is a threefold link in a golden chain, let down from a throne of grace by a God of grace. "*All grace*"—"all-sufficiency" in "*all things!*" and these to "abound." O, precious thought! My wants cannot impoverish that inexhaustible treasury of grace. Myriads are hourly hanging on it,

and drawing from it, and yet there is no diminution. Out of that fulness all we too may receive, and grace for grace. My soul, dost not thou love to dwell on that all-abounding grace? Thine own insufficiency in everything, met with an "all-sufficiency in all things." Grace in all circumstances and situations, in all vicissitudes and changes, in all the varied phases of the Christian's being. Grace in sunshine and storm, in health and in sickness, in life and in death. Grace for the old believer, and the young believer, the tried believer and the weak believer and the tempted believer. Grace *for* duty, and grace *in* duty; grace to carry the joyous cup with a steady hand; grace to drink the bitter cup with an uncomplaining spirit; grace to have prosperity sanctified; grace to say, through tears, "Thy will be done."

"Remember THIS word unto thy servant, upon which thou hast caused me to hope."

FOURTH DAY.

Comforting Grace.

"I will not leave you comfortless; I will come to you."—
JOHN, xiv. 18.

BLESSED JESUS, how thy presence sanctifies trial, takes loneliness from the chamber of sickness, and gloom from the chamber of death! Bright and Morning Star, precious at all times, thou art never so precious as in "the dark and cloudy day." The bitterness of sorrow is well worth enduring, to have thy promised consolations. How well qualified, thou Man of sorrows, to be my Comforter! How well fitted to dry my tears, thou who didst shed so many thyself! What are *my* tears, my sorrows, my crosses, my losses, compared with thine, who didst shed first thy tears, and then thy blood for *me*? Mine are all deserved, and

are infinitely less than have been merited. How different, O spotless Lamb of God, those pangs which rent thy guiltless bosom!

How sweet those comforts thou hast promised to the comfortless, when I think of them as flowing from an almighty *Fellow-sufferer*—"a brother born for adversity"—the "Friend that sticketh closer than a brother!" one who can say, with all the refined sympathies of a holy, exalted human nature, "I know your sorrows."

My soul, calm thy griefs. There is not a sorrow thou canst experience, but Jesus in the treasury of grace, has an exact corresponding solace. In the multitude of the *sorrows* I have in my heart, "thy *comforts* delight my soul."

"Remember THIS word unto thy servant, upon which thou hast caused me to hope."

FIFTH DAY.

Restraining Grace.

"Satan hath desired to have you, that he may sift you as wheat; but I have prayed for thee, that thy faith fail not."
—LUKE, xxii. 31, 32.

WHAT a scene does this unfold! Satan tempting, Jesus praying; Satan sifting, Jesus pleading; the strong man assailing, the stronger than the strong beating him back.

Believer, here is the past history and present secret of thy safety in the midst of temptation. An interceding Saviour was at thy side, saying to every threatening wave, "Thus far shalt thou come, and no farther." God often permits his people to be on the very verge of the precipice, to remind them of their own weakness; but never further than the verge. The restraining hand and grace of Omnipotence

is ready to rescue them. "Though he fall, he shall not be utterly cast down;" and why not? "for the Lord upholdeth him with his hand." The wolf may be prowling for his prey; but what can he do when the Shepherd is always there, tending with the watchful eye that "neither slumbers nor sleeps?"

What believer cannot subscribe to the testimony, "When my foot slipped, thy mercy, O Lord, help me up?" Who can look back on his past pilgrimage, and fail to see it crowded with Ebenezers with this inscription, "Thou hast delivered my soul from death, mine eyes from tears, and my feet from falling?" My soul, where wouldst thou have been this day, hadst thou not been "*kept*" by the power of God?

"Remember THIS word unto thy servant, upon which thou hast caused me to hope."

SIXTH DAY.

Restoring Grace.

“I will heal their backsliding.”—HOSEA xiv. 4.

WANDERING again! And has He not left me to perish? Stumbling and straying on the dark mountains, away from the Shepherd's eye and the Shepherd's fold, shall He not leave the erring wanderer to the fruit of his own ways, and his truant heart to go hopelessly onward in its career of guilty estrangement? “My thoughts,” says God, “are not as your thoughts, neither are your ways as my ways.” Man would say, “Go, perish, ungrateful apostate.” God says, “Return, ye backsliding children.” The Shepherd *will* not, *cannot* suffer the sheep to perish he has purchased with his own blood. How wondrous his forbearance towards it;

tracking its guilty steps, and ceasing not the pursuit till he lays the wanderer on his shoulders, and returns with it to his fold rejoicing.

My soul, why increase by further departures thine own distance from the fold? Why lengthen the dreary road thy gracious Shepherd has to traverse in bringing thee back? Delay not thy return. Provoke no longer his patience; venture no further on forbidden ground. He waits with outstretched arms to welcome thee once more to his bosom. Be humble for the past; trust him for the future. Think of thy former backslidings, and tremble; think of his forbearance and be filled with holy gratitude; think of his promised grace, and take courage.

"Remember THIS word unto thy servant, upon which thou hast caused me to hope."

SEVENTH DAY.

Sanctifying Grace.

“He that hath begun a good work in you, will perform it until the day of Jesus Christ.”—PHIL. i. 6.

READER, is the good work begun in thee? Art thou becoming holy? Is sin more and more crucified? Are thy heart's idols one by one abolished? Is the world less to thee, and eternity more to thee? Is more of thy Saviour's image impressed on thy character, and thy Saviour's love more enthroned in thy heart? Is salvation to thee more the one thing needful? O take heed; there can be no middle ground, no standing still: or if it be so with thee, thy position must be a false one. The Saviour's blood is not more necessary to give thee a title to heaven, than his spirit to give thee a meetness for

it. "If any man have not the spirit of Christ, he is *none of his*."

"Onwards," should be thy motto. There is no standing still in the life of faith. "The man," says Augustine, "who says, '*Enough*,' that man's soul is lost." Let this be the superscription in all thy ways and doings, "Holiness to the Lord." Let the monitory word exercise over thee its habitual power, "Without holiness no man shall see the Lord."

Moreover, remember that to be holy, is to be happy. The two are convertible terms. Holiness! It is the secret and spring of the joy of angels; and the more of holiness attained on earth—the nearer and closer my walk is with God, the more of a sweet earnest shall I have of the bliss that awaits me in a holy heaven. O, my soul, let it be thy sacred ambition to "be holy."

"Remember THIS word unto thy servant, upon which thou has caused me to hope."

EIGHTH DAY.

Reviving Grace.

“They that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength; they shall mount up with wings, as eagles; they shall run, and not be weary; and they shall walk, and not faint.”—ISAIAH, xl. 31.

“WILT thou not revive us, O Lord?” My soul, art thou conscious of thy declining state? Is thy walk less with God—thy frame less heavenly? Hast thou less conscious nearness to the mercy-seat—diminished communion with the Saviour? Is prayer less a privilege than it has been; the pulsations of spiritual life more languid and fitful and spasmodic; the bread of life less relished; the seen and the temporal and the tangible displacing the unseen and the eternal? Art thou sinking down into this state of drowsy self contentment, this conformity-life with the world, forfeiting

all the happiness of true religion, and risking and endangering the better life to come?

Arise, call upon thy God. "Wilt thou not revive us, O Lord?" He might have returned nothing but the withering repulse, "How often would I have gathered thee, but thou wouldst not!" "Ephraim is joined to his idols; let him alone." But "In wrath He remembers mercy." "They *shall* revive as the corn." "The mouth of the Lord hath spoken it."

How and where is reviving grace to be found? He gives thee in His precious promise the key. It is on thy *knees*—by a return to thy deserted and unfrequented chamber, "*They that wait upon the Lord.*" "Wait on the Lord, be of good courage, and He shall strengthen thy heart; wait, I say, on the Lord."

"*Remember THIS word unto thy servant, upon which thou hast caused me to hope.*"

NINTH DAY.

Persevering Grace.

“The righteous also shall hold on his way.”—JOB, xvii. 9.

READER, how comforting to thee, amid the ebbings and flowings of thy changing history, to know that the change is all with thee, and not with thy God. Thy spiritual bark may be tossed on the waves of temptation, in many a dark midnight. Thou mayest think thy pilot hath left thee, and be ready continually to say, “Where is my God?” But fear not. The bark which bears thy spiritual destinies is in better hands than thine; a golden chain of covenant love links it to the eternal throne. That chain can never snap asunder. He who holds it in his hand gives thee *this* as the pledge of your safety: “Because I live, ye shall live also.”

“Why art thou then cast down, O my soul; and why art thou disquieted within me? *hope thou in God.*” Thou wilt assuredly ride out these stormy surges, and reach the desired haven.

But be faithful with thyself. See that there be nothing to hinder or impede thy growth in grace. Think how little may retard thy progress. One sin indulged, one temptation tampered with, one bosom traitor, may cost thee many a bitter hour and bitter tear, by separating between thee and thy God. Make it thy daily prayer, “Search me, O God, and know my heart; try me and know my thoughts; and see if there be any wicked way in me, and lead me in the way everlasting.”

“Remember THIS word unto thy servant, upon which thou hast caused me to hope.”

TENTH DAY.

Dying Grace.

“I have the keys of hell and of death.”—REV. i. 18

AND from whom could dying grace come so welcome, as from thee, O blessed Jesus? Not only is thy name “The Abolisher of Death,” but thou didst thyself *die*. Thou hast sanctified the grave by thine own presence, and divested it of all its terrors.

My soul, art thou at times afraid of this, thy last enemy? If the rest of thy pilgrimage be peaceful and unclouded, rests there a dark and portentous shadow over the terminating portals? Fear not. When that dismal entrance is reached, He who has the keys of the grave and of death suspended at his golden girdle, will impart grace to bear thee through. It is the messenger of peace. Thy Saviour calls thee.

The promptings of nature when at first thou seest the darkening wave, may be like those of the affrighted disciples when they said, "It is a spirit!" and cried out for fear.

But a gentle voice will be heard high above the storm, "It is I; be not afraid." Death, indeed, as the wages of sin must even by the believer be regarded as an enemy. But O, blessed thought, it is thy *last* enemy—the cause of thy last tear. In a few brief moments after that tear is shed, thy God will be wiping every vestige of it away. "O Death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory? Thanks be unto God, who giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ." Welcome, vanquished foe! Birthday of heaven. "To die is gain."

"Remember THIS word unto thy servant, upon which thou hast caused me to hope."

ELEVENTH DAY

After Grace, Glory.

Give

“The Lord will grace and glory.”—Psa. lxxxiv. 11.

O, HAPPY day, when this toilsome warfare will all be ended, Jordan crossed, Canaan entered, the legion-enemies of the wilderness no longer dreaded; sorrow, sighing, death, and, worst of all, *sin* no more either to be felt or feared.

Here is the terminating link in the golden chain of the everlasting covenant. It began with *grace*; it ends with *glory*. It began with sovereign grace in a bypast eternity, and no link will be wanting till the ransomed spirit be presented faultless before the throne.

Grace and glory! If the earnest be sweet, what must be the reality? If the wilderness table contain such rich provision,

what must be the glories of the eternal banqueting-house? O, my soul, make sure of thine interest in the one, as the blessed prelude to the other. Having access by faith into this *grace*, thou canst “rejoice in hope of the *glory* of God; for whom he *justifies*, them he also *glorifies*. Has grace begun in thee? Canst thou mark—though it should be but the drops of the incipient rill which is to terminate in such an ocean—the tiny grains which are to accumulate and issue in such an “exceeding weight of glory?” Delay not the momentous question. The day of offered grace is on the wing, its hours are fast numbering; and “no grace, no glory.”

“Remember THIS word unto thy servant, upon which thou hast caused me to hope.”

TWELFTH DAY.

Another Comforter.

“I will pray the Father, and he shall give you another Comforter, that he may abide with you forever.”—JOHN, xiv. 16.

BLESSED Spirit of all grace, how oft have I grieved thee—resisted thy dealings, quenched thy strivings; and yet art thou still pleading with me. O, let me realize more than I do, my need of thy gracious influences. Ordinances, sermons, communions, providential dispensations, are nothing without thy life-giving power. “It is the Spirit that quickeneth.” “No man can call Jesus, Lord, but by the Holy Ghost.”

Church of the living God, is not this one cause of thy deadness?” My soul, is not this the secret of thy languishing frames, repeated declensions, uneven walk, and

sudden falls, that the influences of the Holy Ghost are undervalued and unsought? Pray for the outpouring of this blessed Agent for the world's renovation, and thine own. "I will pour out my Spirit on all flesh," is the precursor of millennial bliss.

Jesus, draw near in thy mercy to this torpid heart, as thou didst of old to thy mourning disciples, and breathe upon it, and say, "Receive ye the Holy Ghost." It is the mightiest of all boons; but, like the sun in the heavens, it is the freest of all. "For if ye, being evil, know how to give good gifts unto your children, how much more shall your Father in heaven give the Holy Spirit unto them that ask him?"

*"Remember THIS word unto thy servant, upon which
thou hast caused me to hope."*

THIRTEENTH DAY.

Providential Overruling.

“All things work together for good to them that love God, to them that are the called according to his purpose.”—ROM. viii. 28.

MY soul, be still; thou art in the hands of thy covenant God. Were these strange vicissitudes in thy history the result of accident or chance, thou mightest well be overwhelmed; but “*all things*,” and *this* thing, be it what it may, which may be now disquieting thee, is *one* of these “*all things*” that are working mysteriously for thy good. Trust thy God. He will not deceive thee; thy interests are with him in safe custody, When sight says, “All these things are against me,” let faith rebuke the hasty conclusion, and say, “Shall not the Judge of all the earth do right?” How often does God hedge up our way

with thorns, to elicit simple trust. How seldom can we *see* all things so working for our good. But it is better discipline to *believe* it. O, for faith amid frowning providences to say, “I *know* that thy judgments are good;” and, relying in the dark, to exclaim, “Though he slay me, yet will I trust in him.” Blessed Jesus, to thee are committed the reins of this universal empire. The same hand that was once nailed to the cross, is now wielding the sceptre on the throne—“all power” given unto thee in heaven and in earth. How can I doubt the wisdom, and faithfulness, and love of the most mysterious earthly dealing, when I know that the roll of providence is thus in the hands of Him who has given the mightiest pledge omnipotence *could* give of his tender interest in my soul’s well-being, by giving *himself* for me?

“*Remember THIS word unto thy servant, upon which thou hast caused me to hope.*”

FOURTEENTH DAY.

Safe Walking.

"All the paths of the Lord are mercy and truth unto such as keep his covenant and his testimonies."—PSALM xxv. 10.

THE paths of the Lord! My soul, never follow thine own paths. If thou dost so, thou wilt be in danger often of following sight rather than faith—choosing the evil, and refusing the good. But "commit thy way unto the Lord, and he shall bring it to pass." Let this be thy prayer, "Show me *thy* ways, O Lord; teach me *thy* paths." O, for Caleb's spirit, "*wholly* to follow the Lord my God"—to follow him when self must be sacrificed, and hardships must be borne, and trials await me—to "walk with God," to ask in simple faith, "What wouldst thou have me to do?" to have no will of my own, save this, that God's will is to be

my will. Here is safety, here is happiness. Fearlessly follow the guiding Pillar. He will lead you by a *right* way, though it may be a way of hardship, and crosses, and losses, and privations, to the city of habitation. O, the blessedness of thus lying passive in the hands of God; saying, "Undertake thou for me;" dwelling with holy gratitude on past mercies and interpositions; taking these as pledges of future faithfulness and love; hearing his voice behind us, amid life's manifold perplexities, exclaiming, "This is the way; walk ye in it." Happy, surely, are every people who are in such a case. Happy, reader, will it be for thee if thou canst form the resolve in a strength greater than thine own, "This God shall be *my* God forever and ever; he shall be *my guide* even unto death."

"Remember THIS word unto thy servant, upon which
thou hast caused me to hope."

FIFTEENTH DAY.

Love in Chastisement.

"As many as I love I rebuke and chasten."—REV. iii. 19.

SORROWING believer, what couldst thou wish more than this? Thy furnace is severe; but look at this assurance of him who lighted it. Love is the fuel that feeds its flames. Its every spark is love; kindled by a Father's hand, and designed as a special pledge of a Father's love. How many of his dear children has he so rebuked and chastened; and all, *all* for one reason, *I love them*. The myriads in glory have passed through these furnace-fires; *there* they were chosen—*there* they were purified, sanctified, and made "vessels meet for the Master's use;" the dross and the alloy purged, that the pure metal might remain. And art thou to claim exemption

from the same discipline? Art thou to think it strange, concerning these same fiery trials that may be trying thee; Rather exult in them as thine adoption-privilege. Envy not those who are strangers to the refining flames, who are "without chastisement;" rather surely the severest discipline, *with a Father's love*, than the fullest earthly cup, without that Father's smile. O, for grace to say, when the furnace is hottest and the rod sorest, "Even so, *Father*." And what, after all, is the severest of thy chastisements, in comparison with what thy sins have deserved? Dost thou murmur under a Father's correcting love? What would it have been to have stood the wrath of an unpropitiated Judge, and that too *forever*? Surely, in the light of eternity, the heaviest pang of earth is indeed a "light affliction."

"*Remember THIS word unto thy servant, upon which thou hast caused me to hope.*"

SIXTEENTH DAY.

A Condition in Chastisement.

“If need be.”—1 PETER, i. 6.

THREE gracious words. Not one of all my tears shed for naught. Not one stroke of the rod unneeded, or that might have been spared. Thy heavenly Father loves thee too much and too tenderly, to bestow harsher correction than thy case requires. Is it loss of health, or loss of wealth, or loss of beloved friends? Be still—there was a *need be*. We are no judges of what that “need be” is; often through aching hearts we are forced to exclaim, “Thy judgments are a great deep.” But God here pledges himself, that there will not be one redundant thorn in the believer’s chaplet of suffering. No burden too heavy will be laid on him, and no sacrifice too great exacted

from him. He will “temper the wind to the shorn lamb.” Whenever the “need be” has accomplished its end, then the rod is removed, the chastisement suspended, the furnace quenched.

“If need be!” O, what a pillow on which to rest thy aching head—that there is not a drop in all thy bitter cup but what a God of love saw to be absolutely necessary. Wilt thou not trust him, even though thou canst not trace the mystery of his dealings? Not too curiously prying into the “*why* it is,” or “*how* it is,” but satisfied that “so it is,” and therefore that all must be well. “Although thou sayest thou canst not see him, yet judgment is before him; therefore trust thou in him.”

“Remember *THIS word unto thy servant, upon which thou hast caused me to hope.*”

SEVENTEENTH DAY.

Strength to the Weak.

"A bruised reed shall he not break, and smoking flax shall he not quench."—MATT. xiii. 20.

WILL Jesus accept such a heart as mine—this erring, treacherous, traitor heart? The past: how many forgotten vows, broken covenants, prayerless days! How often have I made new resolutions; and as often has the reed succumbed to the first blast of temptation, and the burning flax been well-nigh quenched by guilty omissions, and guiltier commissions. O, my soul, thou art low indeed; the things that remain seem "ready to die." But thy Saviour God will not give thee over unto death. The reed is bruised; but He will not pluck it up by the roots. The flax is reduced to a smoking ember; but He will

fan the decaying flame. Why wound thy loving Saviour's heart by these repeated declension? He will not, *cannot* give thee up. Go, mourn thy weakness and unbelief. Cry unto the strong for strength. Weary and faint one, thou hast an omnipotent arm to lean on. "*He fainteth not, neither is weary.*" Listen to his own gracious assurance, "Fear not; for I am with thee. Be not dismayed; for I am thy God. I will *strengthen* thee; yea, I will help thee; yea, I will uphold thee with the right hand of my righteousness." Leaving all thy false props and refuges, be this thy resolve, "In the Lord put I my trust; why say ye to my soul, Flee as a bird to your mountain?"

"*Remember THIS word unto thy servant, upon which thou hast caused me to hope.*"

EIGHTEENTH DAY.

Encouragement to the Desponding.

“Him that cometh to me, I will in nowise cast out.”—

JOHN, vi. 37.

“CAST out!” My soul, how oft might this have been thy history? Thou hast cast off thy God; might he not oft have “cast out” thee? Yes, cast thee out as fuel for the fire of his wrath—a sapless, fruitless cumberer. And yet, notwithstanding all thy ungrateful requital for his unmerited forbearance, he is still declaring, “As I live, saith the Lord, I have no pleasure in the death of him that dieth.” Thy sins may be legion-like; the sand of the sea may be their befitting type; the thought of their turpitude and aggravation may be ready to overwhelm thee; but be still; thy patient God waits to be gracious.

O, be deeply humbled and softened, because of thy guilt; resolve to dedicate thyself anew to his service; and so coming, he will *by no means* cast thee out. Despond not by reason of former shortcomings: thy sins are great, but thy Saviour's merits are greater. He is willing to forget all the past and sink it in oblivion, if there be present love and the promise of future obedience. "Simon, son of Jonas, *lovest thou me?*" Ah, how different is God's verdict from man's. After such sins as thine, man's sentence would have been, "*I will in nowise receive.*" But "it is better to fall into the hands of God, than into the hands of man;" for he says, "I will in *nowise* cast out."

"Remember THIS word unto thy servant, upon which thou hast caused me to hope."

NINETEENTH DAY.

Peace in Believing.

"Peace I leave with you; my peace I give unto you; not as the world giveth."—JOHN, xiv. 27.

"THOU wilt keep him in perfect peace whose mind is stayed on thee." "Perfect peace;" what a blessed attainment. My soul, is it thine? Sure I am it *is not*, if thou art seeking it in a perishable world, or in the perishable creature, or in thy perishable self. Although thou hast all that the world would call enviable and happy, unless thou hast peace *in* God and *with* God, all else is unworthy of the name; a spurious thing, which the first breath of adversity will shatter, and the hour of death utterly annihilate. Perfect peace; what is it? It is the peace of forgiveness. It is the peace arising out of a sense of God

reconciled through the blood of the everlasting covenant, resting sweetly on the bosom and the work of Jesus, to him committing thine eternal all. My soul, stay thyself on God, that so this blessed peace may be thine. Thou hast tried the world. It has deceived thee. Prop after prop of earthly scaffolding has yielded and tottered and fallen. Has thy God ever done so? Ah, this false and counterfeit world-peace may do well for the world's work, and the world's day of prosperity. But test it in the hour of sorrow; and what can it do for thee when most it is needed? On the other hand, what though thou hast no other blessing on earth to call thine own? Thou art rich indeed, if thou canst look upwards to heaven, and say, with "unpresumptuous smile," "I am at peace with God."

"Remember THIS word unto thy servant, upon which thou hast caused me to hope."

TWENTIETH DAY.

Bliss in Dying.

“Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord.”—

REV xiv. 13.

MY soul, is this blessedness thine in prospect? Art thou ready, if called this night to lie down on thy death-pillow, sweetly to fall asleep in Jesus! What is the sting of death? It is sin. Is death, then, to thee, robbed of its sting, through your having listened to the gracious accents of pardoning love? Be of good cheer; thy sins, which are many, are all forgiven thee. If thou hast made up thy peace with God, resting on the work and atoning blood of his dear Son, then is the “last enemy” divested of all his terror, and thou canst say, in sweet composure, of thy dying couch and dying hour, “I will both

lay me down in peace and sleep, because thou, Lord, only makest me dwell in safety."

Reader, ponder that solemn question, "Am I ready to die? Am I living as I should wish I had done when that last hour arrives?" And when shall it arrive? To-morrow is not thine. Verily, there may be but a step between thee and death. O, solve the question speedily; risk no doubts and no peradventure. Every day is proclaiming anew the lesson, "The race is not to the swift, nor the battle to the strong." Seek to live so that that hour cannot come upon thee too soon or too unexpectedly. Live a dying life. How blessed to live, how blessed to die, with the consciousness that there may be but a step between thee and glory.

'Remember THIS word unto thy servant, upon which thou hast caused me to hope.'

TWENTY-FIRST DAY.

A Due Reaping.

"In due season we shall reap, if we faint not."—GAL. VI. 9

BELIEVER, all the glory of thy salvation belongs to Jesus—none to thyself; every jewel in thine eternal crown is his purchased by his blood, and polished by his Spirit. The confession of time will be the ascription of all eternity, By the grace of God, I am what I am." But though all be of grace, thy God calls thee to personal strenuousness in the work of thy high calling; to "labor," to "fight," to "wrestle," to "*agonize*;" and the heavenly reaping will be in proportion to the earthly sowing. "He that soweth sparingly, shall reap also sparingly; and he that soweth bountifully, shall reap also bountifully." What an incentive to holy living and increased spirit

ual attainments. My soul, wouldst thou be a star shining high and bright in the firmament of glory—wouldst thou receive the ten-talent recompense? Then, be not weary. Gird on thine armor for fresh conquests. Be gaining daily some new victory over sin. Deny thyself. Be a willing cross-bearer for thy Lord's sake. Do good to all men as thou hast opportunity; be patient under provocation, slow to wrath, resigned in trial. Let the world take knowledge of thee, that thou art wearing Christ's livery, and bearing Christ's Spirit, and sharing Christ's cross. And when the reaping-time comes, He who has promised that the cup of cold water shall not go unrecompensed, will not suffer thee to lose thy reward.

“Remember THIS word unto thy servant, upon which thou hast caused me to hope.”

TWENTY-SECOND DAY.

An End of Weeping.

"The days of thy mourning shall be ended."—ISAIAH, lx. 20

CHRIST'S people are a weeping band, though there be much in this lovely world to make them joyous and happy. Yet when they think of sin, their own sin and the unblushing sins of a world in which their God is dishonored, need we wonder at their tears—that they should be called "mourners," and their pilgrimage-home a "valley of tears"? Bereavement, and sickness, and poverty, and death, following the track of sin, add to their mourning experience; and with many of God's best beloved, one tear is scarce dried, when another is ready to flow. Mourners rejoice. When the reaping-time comes, the weeping time ends. When the white robe and

the golden harp are bestowed, every remnant of the sackcloth attire is removed. The moment the pilgrim whose forehead is here furrowed with woe, bathes it in the crystal river of life, that moment the pangs of a lifetime of sorrow are eternally forgotten.

Reader, if thou art one of these careworn ones, the days of thy mourning are numbered. A few more throbbings of this aching heart, and then the angel who proclaims "time to be no longer," shall proclaim also sorrow, and sighing, and mourning to be ended. Seek now to mourn thy sins more than thy sorrows; reserve thy bitterest tears for forgetfulness of thy dear Lord. The saddest and sorest of all bereavements is when the sins which have separated thee from Him evoke the anguish-cry, "Where is my God?"

"Remember THIS word unto thy servant, upon which thou hast caused me to hope."

TWENTY-THIRD DAY.

A Speedy Coming.

“Behold, I come quickly.”—REV. iii. 11.

“EVEN so; come, Lord Jesus.” Why tarry the wheels of thy chariot? Six thousand years this world has rolled on, getting hoary with age and wrinkled with sins and sorrows. A waiting church sees the long-drawn shadows of twilight announcing, “The Lord is at hand.” Prepare, my soul, to meet him. O, happy days, when thine adorable Redeemer, so long dishonored and despised, shall be publicly enthroned in presence of an assembled universe, crowned Lord of all, glorified in his saints, satisfied in the fruits of his soul’s travail, destroying his enemies with the brightness of his coming—the lightning-glance of his wrath; causing the

hearts of his exulting people to "rejoice with joy unspeakable, and full of glory." Prepare, my soul, to meet him. Let it be a joyous thought to thee, thy "blessed hope," this meeting with thine elder Brother. Stand oftentimes on the watch-tower, to catch the first streak of that coming brightness, the first murmur of these chariot wheels. The world is now in preparation. It is rocking on its worn-out axle. There are voices on every side proclaiming, "He cometh, he cometh to judge the earth." Reader, art thou among the number of those who "love his appearing"? Remember the attitude of his expectant saints. "Blessed are those servants whom their Lord, when he cometh, shall find WATCHING."

■ *Remember THIS word unto thy servant, upon which thou hast caused me to hope."*

TWENTY-FOURTH DAY.

Heavenly Illumination.

“What I do, thou knowest not now; but thou shalt know hereafter.”—JOHN, xviii. 7.

As the natural sun sometimes sinks in clouds, so occasionally the Christian who has a bright rising, and a brighter meridian, sets in gloom. It is not *always* “light” at his evening-time; but this we know, that when the day of immortality breaks, the last vestige of earth’s shadows will forever flee away. To the closing hour of time, providence may be to him a baffling enigma; but ere the first hour has struck on heaven’s chronometer, all will be clear. My soul, in God’s light thou shalt see light. The book of his decrees is a sealed book now; “A great deep,” is all the explanation thou canst often give of his judgments;

the *why* and the *wherefore* he seems to keep from us, to test our faith, to discipline us in trustful submission, and lead us to say, "Thy will be done." But rejoice in that hereafter-light which awaits thee. Now we see through a glass darkly; but *then*, face to face. In the great mirror of eternity all the events of this checkered scene will be reflected; the darkest of them will then be seen to be bright with mercy—the severest dispensations, "only the severer aspects of his love." Pry not, then, too curiously; pronounce not too censoriously on God's dealings with thee. Wait with patience till the grand day of disclosures; one confession shall then burst from every tongue, "Righteous art thou, O Lord."

"Remember THIS word unto thy servant, upon which thou hast caused me to hope."

TWENTY-FIFTH DAY.

A Glorious Reunion.

“I will come again, and receive you unto myself, that where I am, there ye may be also.”—JOHN, xiv. 3.

IF the meeting of a long absent friend or brother on earth be a joyous event, what, my soul, must be the joy of thy union with this Brother of brothers, this Friend of friends? “I will come again.” O, what an errand of love, what a promised honor and dignity is this. His saints are to share, not his heaven only, but his immediate presence. “Where *I am*, there ye shall be also.” “Father, *I will*”—it was his dying wish, a wondrous codicil in that testamentary prayer—“that those whom thou hast given me, be with me where *I am*.” Happy reunion! Blessed Saviour, if thy presence be so sweet on a sin-stricken earth, and

when known only by the invisible eye of faith, what must be that presence in a sinless heaven, unfolded in all its unutterable loveliness and glory? Happy reunion! It will be a meeting of the whole ransomed family: the Head, with all its members; the Vine, with all its branches; the Shepherd, with all his flock; the elder Brother, with all his kinsmen. O, the joy, too, of mutual recognition among the death-divided; ties snapt asunder on earth indissolubly renewed; severed friendships reunited; the triumph of love complete; love binding brother with brother, and friend with friend, and *all* to the Elder Brother. My soul, what thinkest thou of this heaven? Remember who it is that Jesus says shall sit with him upon his throne—"Him that overcometh."

"Remember THIS word unto thy servant, upon which thou has caused me to hope."

TWENTY-SIXTH DAY.

Everlasting Espousals.

“And I will betroth thee unto me forever.”—HOSEA, ii. 19.

How wondrous and varied are the figures which Jesus employs to express the tenderness of his covenant love. My soul, thy Saviour God hath “married thee.” Wouldst thou know the hour of thy betrothment? Go back into the depths of a past eternity, before the world was; then and there thine espousals were contracted: “I have loved thee with an everlasting love.” Soon shall the bridal hour arrive, when thine absent Lord shall come to welcome his betrothed bride into his royal palace. “The bridegroom tarrieth;” but see that thou dost not slumber and sleep. Surely there is much all around, demanding the girded loins and the burning lamps. At “midnight,” the

hour when he is least expected, the cry *may* be, it *shall* be heard, "Behold, the bridegroom cometh!" My soul, has this mystic union been formed between thee and thy Lord? Canst thou say, in humble assurance of thine affiance with Him, "my Beloved is mine, and I am his?" If so, great, unspeakably great are the glories which await thee. Thy dowry as the bride of Christ is all that omnipotence can bestow, and all that a feeble creature can receive. In the prospect of those glorious nuptials, thou needst dread no pang of widowhood. What God hath joined together, no created power can take asunder; He betroths thee, and it is "forever."

■ *Remember THIS word unto thy servant, upon which thou hast caused me to hope."*

TWENTY-SEVENTH DAY.

A Joyful Resurrection.

"This corruptible must put on incorruption."—1 COR.
XV. 53.

MARVEL of marvels! the sleeping ashes of the sepulchre starting at the tones of the archangel's trumpet; the dishonored dust rising a glorified body, like its risen Lord's. At death, the soul's bliss is perfect in kind; but that bliss is not complete in degree, until reunited to the tabernacle it has left behind to mingle with the sods of the valley. But tread lightly on that grave; it contains precious because ransomed dust. My body as well as my spirit was included in the redemption-price of Calvary, and "them also which sleep in Jesus will God bring with him." O, blessed jubilee-day of creation, when Christ's "dead men shall

arise ;” when, together with his dead body, they shall come, and the summons shall sound forth, “Awake and sing, ye that dwell in the dust!” All the joys of that resurrection morn we cannot tell, but its chief glory we *do* know: “When he shall appear, we shall be like him; for we shall see him as he is.” Like Him! My soul, art thou waiting for this manifestation of the sons of God? Like Him! Hast thou caught up any faint resemblance to that all-glorious image? Having this hope in thee, art thou purifying thyself even as he is pure? Be much with Jesus now, that thou mayest exult in meeting him hereafter. Thus taking him as thy guide and portion in life, thou mayest lay thee down in thy dark and noisome cell, and look forward with triumphant hope to the dawn of a resurrection-morn, saying, When I awake, I am still with thee.

“Remember THIS word unto thy servant, upon which thou hast caused me to hope.”

TWENTY-EIGHTH DAY.

A Nightless Heaven.

“There shall be no night there.”—REV. xxi. 25.

MY soul, is it night with thee here? Art thou wearied with these midnight tossings on life's tumultuous sea? Be still; the day is breaking; soon shall thy Lord appear. “His going forth is prepared as the morning.” That glorious appearing shall disperse every cloud, and usher in an eternal noontide which knows no twilight. “Thy sun shall no more go down, neither shall thy moon withdraw itself; for the Lord shall be thine everlasting light.” Everlasting light! Wondrous secret of a nightless world; the glories of a present God; the everlasting light of the Three in One, quenching the radiance of all created orbs, superseding all material luminaries.

“My soul waiteth for the Lord more than they that watch for the morning.” The haven is nearing; star after star is quenched in more glorious effulgence; every bound over these dark waves is bringing thee nearer the eternal shore. Wilt thou not, then, humbly and patiently endure weeping for the night, in the prospect of the joy that cometh in the morning? Strange realities: a world without night, a firmament without a sun; and, greater wonder still, *thyself* in this world, a joyful denizen of this nightless, sinless, sorrowless, tearless heaven, basking underneath the Fountain of uncreated light! No exhaustion of glorified body and spirit to require repose; no lassitude or weariness to suspend the ever-deepening song, “*They rest not.*”

“*Remember THIS word unto thy servant, upon which thou hast caused me to hope.*”

TWENTY-NINTH DAY

A Crown of Life.

“When the chief Shepherd shall appear, ye shall receive a crown of glory that fadeth not away.”—1 PETER, v. 4.

WHAT, is the beggar to be raised from the dunghill, set among princes, and made to inherit a throne of glory? Is dust and ashes, a puny rebel, a guilty traitor, to be pitied, pardoned, loved, exalted from the depths of despair, raised to the heights of heaven, gifted with kingly honor, royally fed, royally clothed, royally attended, and at last royally crowned? O, my soul, look forward with joyous emotion to that day of wonders, when He whose head shall be crowned with many crowns shall be the dispenser of royal diadems to his people; and when they shall begin the joyful ascription of all eternity, “Unto Him that

loved us and washed us from our sins in his own blood," and has "made us KINGS" — "to him be glory and dominion forever and ever. Amen." Wilt thou be among the number? Shall the princes and monarchs of the earth wade through seas of blood for a corruptible crown; and wilt thou permit thyself to lose the incorruptible, or barter it for some perishable nothings of earth? O, that thou wouldst awake to thy high destiny, and live up to thy transcendent privileges as the citizen of a kingly commonwealth, a member of the blood-royal of heaven. What wouldst thou not sacrifice, what effort wouldst thou grudge, if thou wert included at last in the gracious benediction, "Come, ye blessed of my Father; inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world?"

*"Remember THIS word unto thy servant, upon which
thou hast caused me to hope."*

THIRTIETH DAY

The Vision and Fruition of God.

"God himself shall be with them, and be their God. And God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes; and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain; for the former things are passed away."—REV. xxi. 3, 4.

GLORIOUS consummation! All the other glories of heaven are but emanations from this glory that excelleth. Here is the focus and centre to which every ray of light converges. God is "all in all." Heaven *without God!* it would send a thrill of dismay through the burning ranks of angels and archangels; it would dim every eye, and hush every harp, and change the whitest robe into sackcloth. And shall I then indeed "*see God*"? What, shall I gaze on these inscrutable glories, and live? Yes, God himself shall be with them, and be their

God; they shall *see his face*. And not only the vision but the *fruition*. O, how does sin in my holiest moments damp the enjoyment of Him. It is the “pure in heart” alone who can “see,” far more, who can enjoy God. Even if he did reveal himself *now*, these eyes could never endure his intolerable brightness. But *then*, with a heart purified from corruption, a world where the taint of sin and the power of temptation never enters—the soul again a bright mirror, reflecting the lost image of the Godhead; all the affections devoted to their original high destiny; the love of God the motive principle, the ruling passion; the glory of God the undivided object and aim; the will no opposing or antagonist bias—man will, for the first time, know all the blessedness of his chief end, “to glorify God, and to enjoy him forever.”

■ *Remember THIS word unto thy servant, upon which thou hast caused me to hope.”*

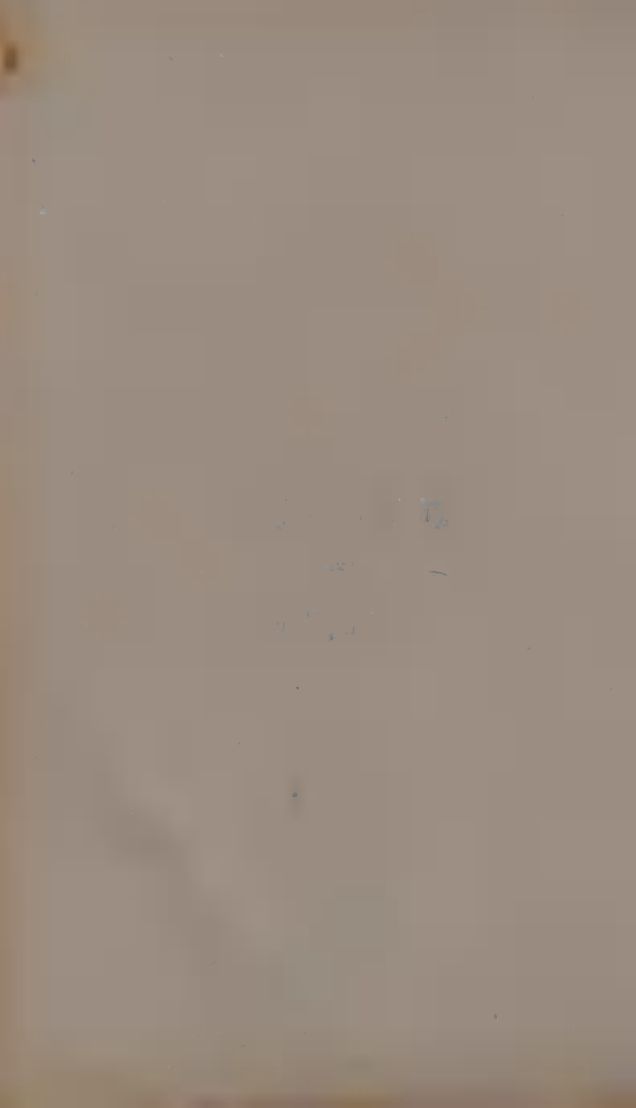
ALL

The Promises of God

In Him are True,

AND

In Him Amen.



ALTAR STONES.

BY THE AUTHOR OF

"THE FAITHFUL PROMISER," "MORNING AND
NIGHT WATCHES," "WORDS AND MIND OF
JESUS," "FOOTSTEPS OF ST. PAUL,"
"MEMORIES OF BETHANY," ETC.

"These Stones shall be for a Memorial."—JOSHUA, iv. 7.

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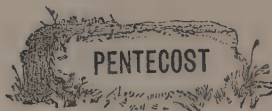
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PREFACE.

It was suggested to the author that a little volume of original hymns, simple in thought and diction, so as to be suitable for plain readers, was required to complete the series of devotional works referred to in the title page.

In order to vary the form from books of a similar character, words and scenes of sacred association—"STONES OF REMEMBRANCE"—have been made suggestive of thought for each day of the month. Though principally designed for private use, it is hoped, as the title may indicate, that these *Stones* may also be adapted in whole or in part, for *The Family Altar*.

"Whoso offereth praise, glorifieth me"



“And when the day of PENTECOST was fully come, they were all with one accord in one place. And suddenly there came a sound from heaven as of a rushing mighty wind, and it filled all the house where they were sitting.”
—Acts ii. 1, 2.

“He shall come down like rain upon the mown grass, as showers that water the earth.”—Psalm lxxii. 6.

O THOU ! who hast a temple shrine
In every lowly, contrite soul,
Spirit of God ! these lips of mine
Touch with a living altar-coal.

No costly rites need I prepare,
No rich oblations need I bring ;
The humble heart, the fervent prayer,
Are Thine accepted offering.

Guide to all truth, vouchsafe Thine aid,
Control my thoughts, direct my way ;
May holy fear of Thee pervade
The varied duties of each day.

Ere I begin life's "common task,"
Hushed be its feverish cares a while,
That calm reposing I may bask,
Eternal One, beneath Thy smile.

Giver and Source of peace divine,
Thy will submissive would I wait;
Each pulse of heavenly life is Thine,
Descend, thou promised Paraclete!

Not as of old, in awful power,
With rushing wind and lambent fire,
But gently, like the falling shower,
Great Spirit, come! my soul inspire!



"And when he thus had spoken, he cried with a loud voice, LAZARUS, come forth. And he that was dead came forth, bound hand and foot with grave-clothes ; and his face was bound about with a napkin."—John xi. 43, 44.

WHILE some anguish'd hearts were grieving
O'er a loved one's narrow bed,
"Be not faithless, but believing,"
Gently thus the Saviour said—
At His summons,
Yielded up the grave its dead.

Soon shall that same mighty fiat
Issue from His lips divine,
Death shall cease his wanton riot
O'er the spirit's mouldering shrine ;
Earth and ocean
Shall their myriad charge resign !

Pillow'd is His infant head
On a borrow'd manger-bed !
He around whose throne above
Angels hymn'd their songs of love,
Now is wrapt by virgin hands
In earth's meanest swaddling bands ;
Once adored by seraphim !
Now a Babe of Bethlehem !

Eastern sages from afar,
Guided by a mystic star,
Follow'd, till its lustre mild
Brought them to the heav'nly Child.
May each providence to me
Like a guiding meteor be,
Bringing nearer unto Him,
Once the Babe of Bethlehem !



“Escape for thy life ; look not behind thee, neither stay thou in all the plain ; escape to the mountain, lest thou be consumed. . . . Haste thee, escape thither ; for I cannot do any thing till thou be come thither. Therefore the name of the city was called ZOAR.”—Genesis xix. 17, 22.

“Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.”—Matthew xi. 28.

ESCAPE from the perilous plain,
The brimstone-cloud hangs in the sky,
And ominous symbols proclaim
That the season of vengeance is nigh.

How many once plunged in despair,
Have hearken'd to mercy's loud call !
And still may the guilty repair
To a refuge provided for all.

The world's boasted shelters are vain,
Its antidotes fail to relieve ;
Its pleasures are mingled with pain,
Its promises only deceive.

But Jesus, thou life of my soul,
Secure in Thy bosom I hide;
On Thee all my burdens I roll,
I long for no refuge beside.

Should life's cherish'd joys disappear,
Its blossoms of happiness fade,
This will only the Shelter endear,
Which trials can never invade.

Oh, come, blessed Saviour of love,
And gladden my spirit forgiven,
With the hope of thy presence above,
In the sorrowless mansions of Heaven!



“Jesus oft-times resorted thither with his disciples.”—
John xviii. 2.

“He went out into a mountain to pray, and continued
all night in prayer to God.”—Luke vi. 12.

“At night he went out, and abode in the mount which
is called the Mount of OLIVES.”—Luke xxi. 37.

OFt as the daylight hours were gone,
When friends forsook, and foes beset,
The Saviour of the world alone
Retired to pray on Olivet.

And still by faith I climb its steep,
A respite from earth's cares to find,
To hush distracting thoughts asleep,
Amid this Sabbath of the mind.

The saint in glory owns and sees
A brother in the Man of prayer ;
The little infant on its knees
Is kinsman to each seraph there !

Oh! may I cherish more and more
The shelter of this calm retreat,
And realize the bliss in store
For those who love the Mercy Seat.

When ends at last life's little day,
Its waning sun about to set,
My soul would soar to heaven away
On wings of prayer from Olivet!



“And the word of the Lord came unto him, saying, Arise, get thee to ZAREPHATH—[the place of furnaces].—1 Kings xvii. 8, 9.

“I have chosen thee in the furnace of affliction.”—Isaiah xlviii. 10

“Beloved, think it not strange concerning the fiery trial which is to try you, as though some strange thing happened unto you : But rejoice, inasmuch as ye are partakers of Christ’s sufferings ; that when his glory shall be revealed, ye may be glad also with exceeding joy.”—1 Peter iv. 12, 13.

WHY should I murmur or repine,
O Lamb of God ! who bled for me ?
What are my griefs compared with Thine,
Thy tears—Thy groans—Thine agony !

If Thou the furnace-flames employ,
Thou sittest as Refiner near,
To purge away the base alloy,
Till Thine own image bright appear.

Though oft Thy way is in the sea,
Thy footsteps in the winged storm,
Though crested billows threaten me—
Love slumbers in their frowning form!

Submissive would I kiss the rod,
Needful each stroke I humbly own;
Or let me trust Thee, O my God,
If now the "need be" is unknown.

Soon shall Thy dealings be unroll'd,
The wondrous chart will fix my gaze,
And heaven's revolving years unfold
New matter and new theme for praise.

Wave upon wave which roll'd before
Tempestuous o'er this ruffled breast,
Then lulled to sleep, shall break no more
The rapture of eternal rest!



"And the Lord came down upon MOUNT SINAI, on the top of the mount. . . . And all the people saw the thunders, and the lightnings, and the noise of the trumpet, and the mountain smoking ; and when the people saw it, they removed, and stood afar off."—Exodus xx. 18.

THE Lord has come down in a chariot of cloud,
The trumpet is pealing portentous and loud ;
Majestic He rides on the wings of the wind,
And bears His dread message of wrath to
mankind.

He cometh ! He cometh ! the mountain it
quakes,
The voice of His thunder each echo awakes ;
The myriads of Israel are heard to implore,
That the accents of terror be spoken no more !

"The blackness, and darkness, and tempest,"
are past !
But lingers no message of love in the blast ?

Oh! hark we in vain for some pitying voice,
To bid the desponding take hope and rejoice?

It speaks! But it is not from Sinai's dread
form,
Emblazon'd in lightning, and curtain'd in
storm;
From Calvary's summits the word is address'd,
"Come, weary and laden, to Me and find rest."

Jehovah's perfections exulting have met,
The Surety has suffer'd—discharged is the
debt;
And justice and mercy unite to proclaim
Salvation to sinners through faith in His name.

No more on the law shall I seek to rely,
Appall'd by its mandate, "*Obey me or die*;"
All, all that I need, my dear Saviour can
give;
How gracious His message—"Believe me and
live!"



"Now a certain man was sick, named Lazarus, of BETHANY."

"Then said Jesus unto them plainly, Lazarus is dead."

"Jesus wept."—John xi. 1, 14, 35.

Who is this in silence bending
O'er a dark sepulchral cave?
Sympathetic sorrow blending
With the tears around that grave?
Christ the Lord is standing by,
At the tomb of Bethany!

"Jesus wept!"—these tears are over,
But his heart is still the same.
Kinsman, Friend, and Elder Brother,
Is His everlasting name.
Saviour! who can love like Thee,
Gracious One of Bethany?

When the pangs of trial seize us,
When the waves of sorrow roll,
I will lay my head on Jesus,
Pillow of the troubled soul;
Surely none can feel like Thee,
Weeping One of Bethany!

"Jesus wept!"—and still in glory
He can mark each mourner's tear,
Loving to retrace the story
Of the hearts He solaced here.
Lord! when I am called to die,
Let me think of Bethany!

"Jesus wept!"—that tear of sorrow
Is a legacy of love,
Yesterday—to-day—to-morrow—
He the same doth ever prove.
Thou art all in all to me,
Living One of Bethany!



"And there were in the same country shepherds abiding in the field, keeping watch over their flock by night. And, lo! the angel of the Lord came upon them, and the glory of the Lord shone round about them," &c.—Luke ii. 8, 9.

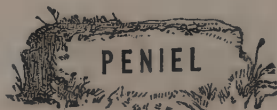
WHAT are these ethereal strains
Floating o'er Judea's plains?
Burning spirits throng the sky,
With their lofty minstrelsy!
Hark! they break the midnight trance
With the joyous utterance,
"Glory to God, and peace to men,
Christ is born in Bethlehem!"

Quench, ye types, your feeble ray,
Shadows, ye may melt away!
Prophecy, your work is done;
Gospel ages have begun!
Temple! quench your altar fires,
For these radiant angel-choirs
To a ruined world proclaim—
Christ is born in Bethlehem!

Be it, Lord, my great endeavor
Now to have that life begun,
Which shall end in bliss for ever,
When this transient world is done—
Life unending
In the kingdom of Thy Son.

Here Thy Church is clothed in sadness,
Walking friendless and alone,
But she waits her day of gladness,
When, with bridal vestures on,
Christ shall meet her,
Seated on His glorious throne.

On that blesst Sabbath morrow,
Faith shall be exchanged for sight,
Not one throbbing pulse of sorrow
Shall remind of earth's long night —
Blessed Jesus!
Haste a morning dawn so bright.



“And he said, Let me go, for the day breaketh. And he said, I will not let thee go, except thou bless me.”
“And he said, Thy name shall be called no more Jacob, but Israel: for as a prince hast thou power with God and with men, and hast prevailed.” “And he blessed him there. And Jacob called the name of the place PENIEL; for I have seen God face to face, and my life is preserved.”—Gen. xxxii. 26, 28–30.

Oh, do not, blessed Lord, depart!

I will not let Thee go,
Until upon this needy heart
Thy blessing Thou bestow.

Vouchsafe me pardon, mercy, grace,
My countless sins forgive;
If Thou shine on me with Thy face,
It must be bliss to live.

When here by adverse tempests driven,
When storm-clouds wreath my way,
That countenance whose smile is heaven,
Will chase them all away!

When feebly ebbs life's languid tide,
And the last hour is nigh,
With my Redeemer at my side,
I cannot dread to die.

If earthly glimpses, Lord, of Thee
Such happiness impart,
What must the full fruition be,
To know Thee as Thou art?

When these my feeble stammering lips
Eternal anthems swell,
I'll see in bright Apocalypse
"The God of Israel."



"Blessed is the man whose strength is in thee, in whose heart are the ways of them.

"Who passing through the valley of BACA make it a well; the rain also filleth the pools.

"They go from strength to strength; every one of them in Zion appeareth before God."—Ps. lxxxiv. 5-7.

YE Pilgrim band, dispel your fears,
As ye tread this vale of weeping,
Sowing in faith, although in tears,
Ye shall have a glorious reaping!

Life quickly ebbs—its sand-glass heap
Is grain by grain disappearing,
A thousand voices loud and deep
Proclaim that the Judge is nearing!

Then "Onwards haste with girded loins,
Let your lamps be brightly burning!"
'Tis thus He solemnly enjoins,
To prepare for His returning.

Soon shall the glorious morning break,
And disperse all shades of sorrow,
Each tear-dimm'd eye shall then awake
On a sinless, endless morrow !

Death must all earthly bliss destroy—
Its holiest friendships sever—
But there the ocean-tide of joy,
Rolls ceaseless and for ever.

Ye Pilgrims, then dispel your fears,
As ye tread this vale of weeping,
Sowing in faith, although in tears,
Ye shall have a glorious reaping !



"As the dew of HERMON. . . . which descendeth upon the mountains of Zion."—Ps. cxxxiii. 3.

"And I will pray the Father, and he shall give you another Comforter, that he may abide with you for ever."
—John xiv. 16.

FROM Thy habitation holy,
Spirit of all Truth, descend,
While we sinners, poor and lowly,
At the Throne of Mercy bend ;
Help our weakness—
And a gracious answer send !

Come thou, as the dew of Hermon
Softly falls on Zion hill,
Let us in Thy strength determine
Henceforth to obey Thy will—
Dwell within us—
Let Thy grace our bosoms fill.

Brooding o'er us as on chaos,
Cause our darkness to retreat ;
Shine into our hearts, and lay us
Humbled at the Mercy-Seat—
Guide us—use us
As Thy sovereign love sees meet.

When the heart is crush'd and broken,
When bereavement dims the eye,
Let us claim the promise spoken
By those lips that cannot lie—
Blessed Saviour,
Send Thy Spirit from on high !

When we tread the waves of Jordan,
Oh, be near us, Sacred Guest !
Seal to us our hope of pardon ;
Dove-like o'er each billow's crest
Do Thou hover—
Guiding to eternal rest !



“And, behold, there arose a great tempest in the sea, insomuch that the ship was covered with the waves: but He was asleep. And the disciples came to him and awoke him, saying, Lord save us: we perish. Then he arose, and rebuked the winds and the sea, and there was a great calm.”—Matthew viii. 24–26.

On the lone bosom of a lake
Contending surges fiercely met;
“Be still”—’twas thus the Saviour spake,
And thou wert calm—Gennesaret!

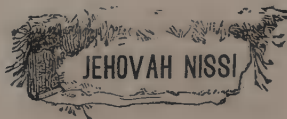
Whene’er with sad forebodings fill’d,
When guilty fears my bosom fret,
I’ll turn to Him who gently still’d
Thy raging waves—Gennesaret!

I’ll think of that more fearful storm,
When wrathful thunders fiercely met
Around the Cross of Him whose form
Moved ’mid thy waves—Gennesaret!

When quivering lip, and eye-ball dim,
Proclaim life's sun about to set,
I'll lean upon the arm of Him
Who still'd thy waves—Gennesaret!

Safe landed on that heavenly shore,
My heart shall have but one regret,
That here, I did not love Him more,
Who walked thy waves—Gennesaret!

Lord! let Thy love my bosom fill,
While toss'd on life's rough surges yet;
Speak Thine own mandate — "Peace, be
still!"
Which calm'd, of old, Gennesaret.



“Who is this that cometh up from the wilderness leaning upon her beloved ?”—Solomon’s Song, viii. 6.

“And Moses built an altar, and called the name of it JEHOVAH NISSI”—[The Lord my banner]. — Exodus xvii. 15.

“Fear thou not, for I am with thee ; be not dismayed, for I am thy God : I will strengthen thee ; yea, I will help thee ; yea, I will uphold thee with the right hand of my righteousness.”—Isaiah xli. 10.

WHAT dejected form is this
Coming from the wilderness ?
Weary step and languid eye,
Tell a chequer’d history ;
Church of Christ, art thou alone,
With no arm to lean upon ?

“Everlasting arms of love
Are beneath, around, above ;
He who left his throne of light,
And unnumber’d angels bright ;
He who faced the fiery flood,
Braved the baptism of blood ;

Who upon th' accursed tree
Gave His precious life for me.
He it is that bears me on,
His the arm I lean upon.

"He who now enthroned above,
Still retains His heart of love,
Marking still each falling tear
Of his burden'd pilgrims here ;
He who wields creation's rod,
He my Brother, yet my God,
Never slumb'ring, never sleeping,
Vigils ever wakeful keeping,
Faithful He, whate'er betide,
Is my Everlasting Guide !

"All things hasten to decay,
Earth and seas must pass away ;
Soon must yonder circling sun
Cease his blazing course to run.
Scenes may vary, friends grow strange,
But *The Changeless* cannot change ;
Friendship His that nought can sever,
Loving once, He loves for ever !
Gladly will I journey on,
With his arm to lean upon.
Say, with such a friend as this,
Who would dread the wilderness ?"



“Then cometh Jesus with them unto a place called **GETHSEMANE.**”—Matthew xxvi. 36.

YE ransom'd saints ! what tongue can tell
The terrors of that fierce array,
When round your Lord the powers of Hell
Convened in dark Gethsemane !

His anguish'd soul, in horror bound,
Sent up to heaven its burden'd cry ;
Trembling, he clasped the quaking ground,
And blood-drops told His agony !

In that dread hour He stood alone,
His own disciples basely fled ;
No ear to catch the dismal groan
Which pierced His soul, and bow'd His
head.

Stretch'd on the cross—the bolts of Heaven
Are on the spotless victim hurl'd ;
The rocks proclaim, in fragments riven,
“ He bears the burden of a world !”

Around Him darkness spreads her pall,
As if creation's knell had rung ;
The sun forbade his light to fall,
Where his Almighty Maker hung.

In vain His quivering lips implored ;
“ My God, my God !” in vain He cries :
Justice unsheathes her glittering sword,
And claims the bleeding sacrifice !

“ 'Tis finish'd ! now the conflict's o'er,
The warfare ends—the work is done ;
His anguish'd bosom heaves no more ;
His groans are past—the victory won !

Stupendous climax of all woe !
Vast miracle of awe-struck time !
Eternity's too short to know
The wonders, Lord, of love like Thine !



"And he dreamed, and behold a ladder set up on the earth, and the top of it reached unto heaven : and behold the angels of God ascending and descending on it."

"And Jacob awaked out of his sleep, and he said, Surely the Lord is in this place, and I knew it not. And he was afraid, and said, How dreadful is this place ! this is none other but the house of God, and this is the gate of heaven."

"And he called the name of that place **BETHEL**."—
Genesis xxviii. 12, 16, 17-19.

THE sun's last ray still flush'd the west,
As a lone Pilgrim sank to sleep ;
The sod his only couch of rest,
No pillow but a stony heap.

Ethereal shapes, before unseen,
O'er him a mystic ladder trod,
Cluster'd their radiant forms between
The lonely outcast and his God.

Still o'er us in our chequer'd way
These shining ones their vigils keep,
Encamping round our path by day,
Our pillows guarding as we sleep.

At the mysterious hour of death,
When nature's final call has come,
They watch the Christian's parting breath,
And bear his ransom'd spirit home.

They love to tend in sacred trust
The ashes underneath the sod,
Faithful they guard the sleeping dust,
Till quicken'd by the trump of God.

Oh! when that awful judgment Throne
Shall burst on my astonish'd view,
Be mine the Patriarch's God to own,
Mine be this glorious retinue!



“And he laid his right hand upon me, saying unto me,
Fear not; I am the first and the last. I am he that
liveth, and was dead; and, behold, I am alive for ever-
more, Amen; and have the keys of hell and of death.”—
Revelation i. 17, 18.

I LOVE to hear that voice of old,
Which over Patmos' rocky shore
Thus sweetly spake, “I live, behold!
I am alive for evermore!”

“My Saviour lives!”—no mortal ears
Can listen to more joyous strains;
High above yonder rolling spheres
My God, and yet my brother reigns.

“My Saviour lives!”—He intercedes
Still as the Lamb—the Crucified;
“Father, I WILL,” 'tis thus he pleads;
Ne'er was the boon he ask'd denied.

“ My Saviour lives !”—and still His heart
Responsive beats upon the Throne,
To every pang from which I smart ;
He makes my tears and woes His own !

“ My Saviour lives !”—if thus so near,
Ne’er at his will shall I repine ;
His presence dries each falling tear,
Proclaims *all* “ needful discipline.”

“ My Saviour lives !”—and soon again
He’ll come to take his pilgrims home,
To feel no longer aching pain,
And from Himself no more to roam.

“ My Saviour lives !”—to see His face
My endless happiness will be ;
Lord ! independent of all place,
Where’er *Thou* art is Heaven to me.



"And all the congregation of the children of Israel journeyed from the wilderness of Sin, after their journeys, according to the commandment of the Lord, and pitched in REPHIDIM: and there was no water for the people to drink."

"And the Lord said unto Moses, Go on before the people, and take with thee of the elders of Israel; and thy rod, wherewith thou smotest the river, take in thine hand, and go. Behold, I will stand before thee there upon the rock in Horeb; and thou shalt smite the rock, and there shall come water out of it, that the people may drink. And Moses did so in the sight of the elders of Israel."—Exodus xvii. 1, 5, 6.

MID arid sands and burning rays,
With parched tongue, and eyeball dim,
The Hebrew turn'd his trembling gaze
Upon the rock of Rephidim.

The rod is waved—the rock is riven—
The streams descend its smitten side;
Ten thousand hail the gift of Heaven,
And eager drink the gushing tide.

Emblem, O gracious Lamb of God !
Of those unnumber'd streams of grace,
Which, at the touch of Justice' rod,
Flow'd from Thy bleeding sacrifice.

Eternal Rock !—to Thee I flee,
In Thy rent fissures would I hide,
No rill of mercy flows to me,
But issues from Thy wounded side.

Earth's fondest hopes, and brightest dreams,
Are fitful, fugitive, and vain ;
The best of its polluted streams
I only drink to thirst again.

Forgiveness—Peace—Salvation—Heaven—
Jesus ! I owe alone to Thee—
The rock whose clefts for me were river,
The Smitten One of Calvary !



"The burden of DUMAH. He calleth to me out of Seir, Watchman, what of the night? Watchman, what of the night? The watchman said, The morning cometh, and also the night."—Is. xxi. 11, 12.

**THE BURDEN OF DUMAH! A voice out of Seir
Cries, "Tell me, O Watchman! if morning be
near."**

**"It cometh!—it cometh!—bright gleams in
the sky
Are proclaiming, The promised Redemption is
nigh!"**

**Soon, soon shall creation's long midnight be
done,
The rest of eternity's Sabbath begun;
When, casting her week-day soil'd garments
away,
She shall stand fresh apparel'd in vestures of
day.**

**Oh! hasten, Lord! hasten this halcyon time,
When earth shall exult in the bliss of her
prime,**

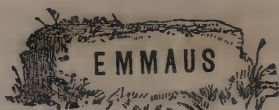
The sons of the morning resuming their strain
O'er Eden, restored to her glories again.

"The morning it cometh! *but also the night!*"
Lo! visions of vengeance loom dark on the
sight!

The meteor of hope, with its bright-beaming
ray,
To the scorers of grace is fast dimming away.

Ere earth shall be girt with its red fiery flood,
Or the moon shall dissolve in her ocean of
blood,
Ere the stars in their courses shall tremble
and fall,
And the wicked in vain to the mountains
shall call.

Great God! in Thy mercy look down from
above,
And touch every heart with Thy sceptre of
love.
Lest with tears unavailing we come to deplore
That the offers of grace can be tender'd no
more!



"And, behold, two of them went that same day to a village called EMMAUS, which was from Jerusalem about threescore furlongs. . . .

"And he made as though he would have gone further. But they constrained him, saying, Abide with us ; for it is towards evening, and the day is far spent."

Luke xxiv. 13, 28, 29.

"ABIDE with me," Thou gracious Guide,
My lamp by night, my sun by day ;
Thy gracious presence at my side
Bids every anxious fear away.

"Abide with me!" when lips beloved
Shall lisp on earth their sad farewell ;
The Best of Friends is not removed,
If 'Thou within my bosom dwell !

"Abide with me!" when sleepless laid
On sick-bed—weary—lone—distress'd
Bless'd Saviour ! let my throbbing head
Lie pillow'd on Thy peaceful breast.

"Abide with me!" when death is near,
To calm the waves of ebbing life;
Be nigh to wipe earth's closing tear,
And bear me from its ended strife.

"Abide with me!" on that great day,
When sea and earth shall yield their dead;
Oh, may I *rise* without dismay,
Exulting in my risen Head!

"Abide with me!" through endless bliss;
Jesus! be thou my "All in All;"
Thy presence makes the happiness
Of Heaven's Eternal Festival!



"And he went in to tarry with them. . . . And they said one to another, Did not our heart burn within us while he talked with us by the way, and while he opened to us the Scriptures?"—Luke xxiv. 29, 32.

"Jesus came and spake unto them, saying, All power is given unto me in heaven and in earth. . . . And, lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world."—Matthew xxviii. 18, 20.



"Lo, I am with thee!"—bid thy fears
And anxious sorrows cease;
My hand will dry thy saddest tears,
My lips will whisper peace.

"Lo, I am with thee!"—when the tomb
Thy loved ones calls away;
My voice shall cheer the valley-gloom
With thoughts of endless day.

"Lo, I am with thee!"—what the loss
Of all thou canst deplore,
When placed beside the awful Cross,
Which once for thee I bore?

“Lo, I am with thee!”—when the bed
Of languishing is thine,
Thou shalt repose thine aching head
Upon my love divine.

“Lo, I am with thee!”—when the knell
Of closing hours shall ring,
Mine arm the final Foe shall quell,
And crush his vanquish’d sting!

“Lo, I am with thee!”—still the same
Through endless years above;
’Mid brighter worlds I shall proclaim
My changeless, deathless love!



"And Jesus said unto him, Go, wash in the pool of SILOAM."—John ix. 7.

"In that day there shall be a fountain opened to the house of David, and to the inhabitants of Jerusalem, for sin and for uncleanness."—Zechariah xiii. 1.

"And the Spirit and the Bride say, Come. And let him that heareth say, Come. And let him that is athirst come. And whosoever will, let him take the water of life freely."—Revelation xxii. 17.

CHRISTIANS! hark! what heavenly chorus
Wakes the echo of the sky!
What bright spirits these before us
Throng the blissful realms on high?

Once they were in tribulation,
Sin obscured their bright array,
Till the Fountain of Salvation
Wash'd their guilty stains away.

Still that Fountain, full as ever,
All alike are free to share ;
Nor can guilty sinners ever
Come too heavy laden there.

Come ! all ye whose souls are dreary,
Toss'd with fears, with doubts distress'd
Here is shelter for the weary,
To the heavy-laden rest !

Lord, we come ! not one awanting,
By Thy grace our souls redeem,
Like the hart for water panting,
All would drink the sacred stream

We come ! to hear the joyous story,
And to wash our garments white ;
Free to all the realms of glory,
Endless day which knows no night,



“And when they came to MARAH, they could not drink of the waters of Marah, for they were bitter: therefore the name of it was called Marah.

“And the people murmured against Moses, saying, What shall we drink?

“And he cried unto the Lord; and the Lord shewed him a tree, which, when he had cast into the waters, the waters were made sweet.”—Exodus xv. 23, 24, 25.

MY Saviour-God! one loving gleam
Cast from Thy Mercy-seat,
Changes each earthly Marah-stream
From bitter into sweet!

When Thou so meekly murmur'dst not,
Oh, how dare *I* repine?
Well may *my* crosses be forgot,
When, Lord, I think of *Thine*!

There is no blessing to compare
With Thy transcendent love ;
This to delight in, this to share,
Is Heaven below, above !

Oft in a gloomy chequer'd past,
When human hopes were vain,
A gracious smile from Thee was cast,
And all look'd bright again.

Dark should the unknown future be,
Its joys embitter'd prove,
Give me, dear Lord, the Healing Tree
Which changes all to love !

When finish'd is life's transient dream,
I reach the realms of bliss,
No more shall any earthly stream
Retain its bitterness.



"O Jerusalem, Jerusalem, which killest the prophets, and stonest them that are sent unto thee; how often would I have gathered thy children together, as a hen doth gather her brood under her wings, and ye would not!"—Luke xiii. 34.

"Thou shalt no more be termed Forsaken."—Isaiah lxii. 4.

"Break forth into joy, sing together, ye waste places of Jerusalem."—Isaiah lii. 9.

TELL me, O thou captive daughter,
Why this sackcloth on thy brow?
Why thy children given to slaughter,
Made in servitude to bow?
Heaven proclaims the awful story,
"She has slain the Lord of Glory!"

She who once in peerless splendor,
'Mid the kingdoms sat enthroned;
Alien now, without defender,
Scorn'd, rejected, and disown'd!
Nations! read the thrilling story—
Lest ye scorn the Lord of Glory!

Zion! shall there then be spoken
“Glorious things of Thee” no more?
Does thy God—thy ramparts broken
Still forbid thee to restore?
Go, and wail with tears the story,
How ye slew the Lord of Glory!

Lord! make bare thine arm to save her,
Let her exiles cease to roam,
Let the promised time to favor,
Yea, the set time, let it come!
Heralds! spread the joyful story,
Judah *owns* the Lord of Glory.

Rise! ye prostrate sons of Salem!
God once more is on your side;
Weeping aliens! come and hail Him,
Whom your fathers crucified.
Teach a wondering world the story
How ye *love* the Lord of Glory!



"And MIZPAH: for he said, The Lord watch between me and thee, when we are absent one from another."—Genesis xxxi. 49.

"The Lord is thy keeper; the Lord is thy shade upon thy right hand. The sun shall not smite thee by day, nor the moon by night. The Lord shall preserve thee from all evil: he shall preserve thy soul. The Lord shall preserve thy going out and thy coming in, from this time forth, and even for evermore."—Psalm cxxi. 5-8.

WHEN far from the hearts where our fondest
thoughts centre,
Denied for a time their loved presence to
share,
In spirit we meet, when the closet we enter,
And hold sweet communion together in
prayer!

Oh! fondly I think, as night's curtains sur-
round them,
The Shepherd of Israel tenderly keeps,
The angels of light are encamping around them,
They are watched by the eye that ne'er
slumbers nor sleeps.

When the voice of the morning once more
shall awake them,
And summon them forth to the calls of the
day,
I will think of that God who will never forsake them,
The Friend ever near, though all else be
away.

Then why should one thought of anxiety
seize us,
Though distance divide us from those whom
we love ;
They rest in the covenant mercy of Jesus,
Their prayers meet with ours in the mansions above.

Oh, sweet bond of friendship ! whate'er may
betide us,
Though on life's stormy billow our barks
may be driven,
Though distance, or trial, or death may divide
us,
Eternal reunion awaits us in Heaven !



"Then Gideon built an altar there unto the Lord, and called it JEHOVAH-SHALOM," (th Lord send peace.)—Judges vi. 24.

"Peace I leave with you, my peace I give unto you ; not as the world giveth, give I unto you. Let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid."—John xiv. 27.

How many votaries of earth,
Who seek for joy in maniac mirth,
Find it at best a meteor-gleam,
The pageant of a fitful dream !

While wandering still from God and heaven,
With sin uncancell'd—unforgiven,
Vain shall the world with syren voice
Bid the unpardon'd one rejoice.

Where shall I look for holy calm,
But in Thy blood, thou dying Lamb ~
My only hope of mercy lies
In Thine atoning sacrifice.

The world's temptations may assail,
Its friendships cease—its comforts fail ;
But if Thy peace, dear Lord, be mine,
All else submissive I resign.

Oh, let my spirit meekly rest
In whatsoe'er Thy love sees best ;
Confiding in Thy sovereign grace,
And trusting where I fail to trace.

Oft, while on earth, short-sighted man
Sees but the half-developed plan ;
But inner meanings now unknown,
Shall be evolved before the throne !

Lord, let thy peace meanwhile sustain,
'Mid mingled scenes of joy and pain,
Till in the fulness of Thy love,
I reach the Fountain-head above.



“Let the wilderness and the cities thereof lift up their voice, the villages that KEDAR doth inhabit : let the inhabitants of the rock sing, let them shout from the top of the mountains.”—Isaiah xlii. 11.

“The glory of Lebanon shall come unto thee, the fir-tree, the pine-tree, and the box together, to beautify the place of my sanctuary ; and I will make the place of my feet glorious.”—Isaiah lx. 13.

“All the ends of the earth shall see the salvation of our God.”—Isaiah lii. 10.

HASTEN, Lord, that morn of glory,
When the world shall groan no more,
When the Gospel's joyous story
Shall be spread from shore to shore.

Speed the glorious proclamation,
Let Messiah's power increase ;
Every tribe, and tongue, and nation,
Welcome in the Prince of Peace .

Wake your echoes, rocks of Kedar !
Midian ! Ephah ! own His grace !
“ Fir, and pine, and box, and cedar,
Beautify His holy place !”

Blessed time, when every dwelling
Shall one joyful anthem raise ;
Every heart with rapture swelling,
Thrilling every tongue with praise.

When the leopard and the lion,
With the lamb in peace shall lie,
And within the earthly Zion
Dwell the love that reigns on high !

Firmament, now glowing o'er us !
Mountains ! rivers ! isles ! and sea !
All combine to swell the chorus
That will ring earth's jubilee !



“Who is this that cometh from Edom, with dyed garments from Bozrah? this that is glorious in his apparel, travelling in the greatness of his strength? I that speak in righteousness, mighty to save.”

“I have trodden the wine-press alone.”—Isaiah lxiii
1, 3.

Who is this that comes from Edom,
With his garments dyed in blood?
It is He who bought our freedom,
Bearing sin's accursed load;
Mighty Saviour!
Who alone the wine-press trod.

Nothing to Thy footstool bringing,
But unworthiness and guilt,
Solely to Thy merits clinging,
All my hopes on Thee are built;
Blessed Jesus!
Thou canst save me if Thou wilt!

Who is this that comes from Edom ?

But 'tis not as once He came ;

Trembling thousands now must meet Him

On His car of cloud and flame ;

Guilty sinners !

Who on earth despis'd His name.

Ne'er may I be of the number

Who shall thus His throne surround,

Startled from a guilty slumber

By the final trumpet-sound ;

Seeking shelter,

Where no shelter can be found !

Oh, Thou "Mighty One" of Edom,

Who the wine-press trod'st alone,

Let me triumph in the freedom

Which Thy bleeding love has won ;

Then I'll meet Thee,

Fearless on Thy judgment throne !



"And Jesus, walking by the sea of TIBERIAS saw two brethren, Simon called Peter, and Andrew his brother, casting a net into the sea : for they were fishers. And he saith unto them, Follow me, and I will make you fishers of men. And they straightway left their nets, and followed him."—Matthew iv. 18-20.

"If any man will come after me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross, and follow me."—Matthew xvi. 24.

LORD ! no guardian to defend me
In the world I have like Thee,
None so willing to befriend me ;
Thou art all in all to me !

Oh ! may life be one great mission
Christ to follow, serve, and please,
Copying His meek submission,
Sacrificing self and ease !

Zealous in each sacred duty—
May I be more Saviour-like ;
May each plant of Christian beauty
In my soul its fibres strike.

Bearing fruit whose holy savor
Sheds its fragrance round my path,
Seeking nothing but His favor,
Dreading nothing but His wrath.

What is life? a scene of troubles,
Following swiftly one by one;
Phantom visions—airy bubbles,
Which appear, and then are gone!

What at best the world's vain fashion?
Quickly it must pass away;
Vexing care and whirlwind passion,
Surging like the angry spray.

One brief moment, Lord! may sever
All that earth can friendship call;
But *Thy* friendship is for ever—
It outlives the wreck of all.



"Get thee up into the top of **PISGAH**, and lift up thine eyes westward, and northward, and southward, and eastward, and behold it with thine eyes."—Deuteronomy iii. 27.

"And the Lord said unto him, This is the land which I swore unto Abraham, unto Isaac, and unto Jacob, saying, I will give it unto thy seed."—Deuteronomy xxxiv. 4.

"But now they desire a better country, that is, an heavenly."—Hebrews xi. 16.

Of old the Hebrew prophet stood,
His lustrous eye undimm'd with age,
Surveying far o'er Jordan's flood
The covenanted heritage.

So would I climb some Pisgah height,
And scan by faith the wondrous scene,
Forgetting, 'mid its visions bright,
The wilderness that lies between.

I long to reach this blest domain,
Where pleasure reigns without alloy ;
Where trial is unknown, and pain
Shall never break the trance of joy.

Without a veil I then shall gaze
 Upon my Saviour face to face,
And see the wisdom of those ways
 Which, while on earth, I failed to trace.

Oh, blessed hope ! the desert past,
 And all life's feverish visions o'er ;
The longed-for Canaan reached at last,
 Where sin is felt and fear'd no more.

Meanwhile, on Pisgah's top I'll sing,
 With the bright shores of promise nigh,
" O Death, where is thy vanquish'd sting ?
 And where, oh Grave, thy victory ?"



"MARANATHA" [The Lord is coming].—1 Corinthians xvi. 22.

"Behold, he cometh with clouds; and every eye shall see him, and they also which pierced him: and all kindreds of the earth shall wail because of him. Even so, Amen."—Revelation i. 7.

"He which testifieth these things saith, Surely I come quickly. Amen. Even so, come, Lord Jesus."—Revelation xxii. 20.

CHRIST is coming! Let creation
Bid her groans and travail cease,
Let the glorious proclamation
Hope restore, and faith increase—
Maranatha!
Come, Thou blessed Prince of Peace!

Earth can now but tell the story
Of Thy bitter Cross and pain,
She shall yet behold Thy glory,
When thou comest back to reign—
Maranatha!
Let each heart repeat the strain!

Though once cradled in a manger,
Oft no pillow but the sod ;
Here an alien and a stranger,
Mock'd of men, disown'd of God—
All creation
Yet shall own Thy kingly rod.

Long Thine exiles have been pining,
Far from rest, and home, and Thee ;
But in heavenly vestures shining,
Soon they shall Thy glory see—
Maranatha !
Haste the joyous jubilee !

With that " blessed hope " before us,
Let no harp remain unstrung,
Let the mighty advent chorus
Onward roll from tongue to tongue—
Maranatha !
Come, Lord Jesus—quickly come !



"And after these things I heard a great voice of much people in heaven, saying, ALLELUIA."—Revelation xix. 1.

"And I beheld, and I heard the voice of many angels round about the throne, and the beasts, and the elders : and the number of them was ten thousand times ten thousand, and thousands of thousands : Saying, with a loud voice, Worthy is the Lamb that was slain."—Revelation v. 11, 12.



'Tis done—the world's long night is o'er,
At last is reach'd the long'd-for shore,
Life's transient tale is told ;
The Crystal City bursts on sight,
With gates of pearl and sapphire bright,
And streets of purest gold !

One theme each angel bosom fires,
The thunders of the myriad choirs
The anthem-peals prolong ;
No wearied frame, no languid eye
Suspends the swelling minstrelsy
Of the exultant throng !

Enthroned in bowers of glistening light,
With crowns of gold, and robes of white,
And wreaths of fadeless palm ;
Down at His feet each crown is flung,
And onward rolls from tongue to tongue,
"All worthy is the Lamb !

But of the myriads round the throne,
The *ransom'd* multitude alone
Prolong the chorus strain !
With bounding hearts they sweep their strings,
And thus each blood-bought sinner sings,
" The Lamb FOR US was slain !

"All blessing, honor, glory, power,
Redound to Him for evermore,
From all the hosts of heaven ;
The Lamb who once for us was slain !
Who through eternal years shall reign,
To Him all praise be given !"

And higher still their palms they wave,
And deeper in the ocean lave
Of Heavenly bliss divine !
But ne'er the plummet can be found,
By which, O Lamb of God, to sound
Such depths of love as Thine !

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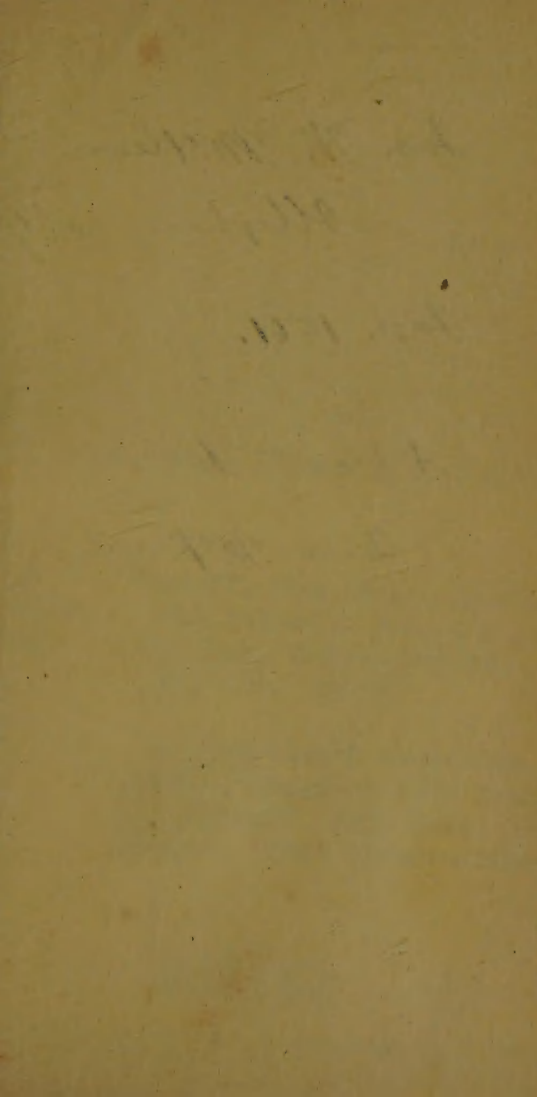
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